Mrs W M Pozer 693 3297 AUBERT GALLION QUE

Northern Messenger

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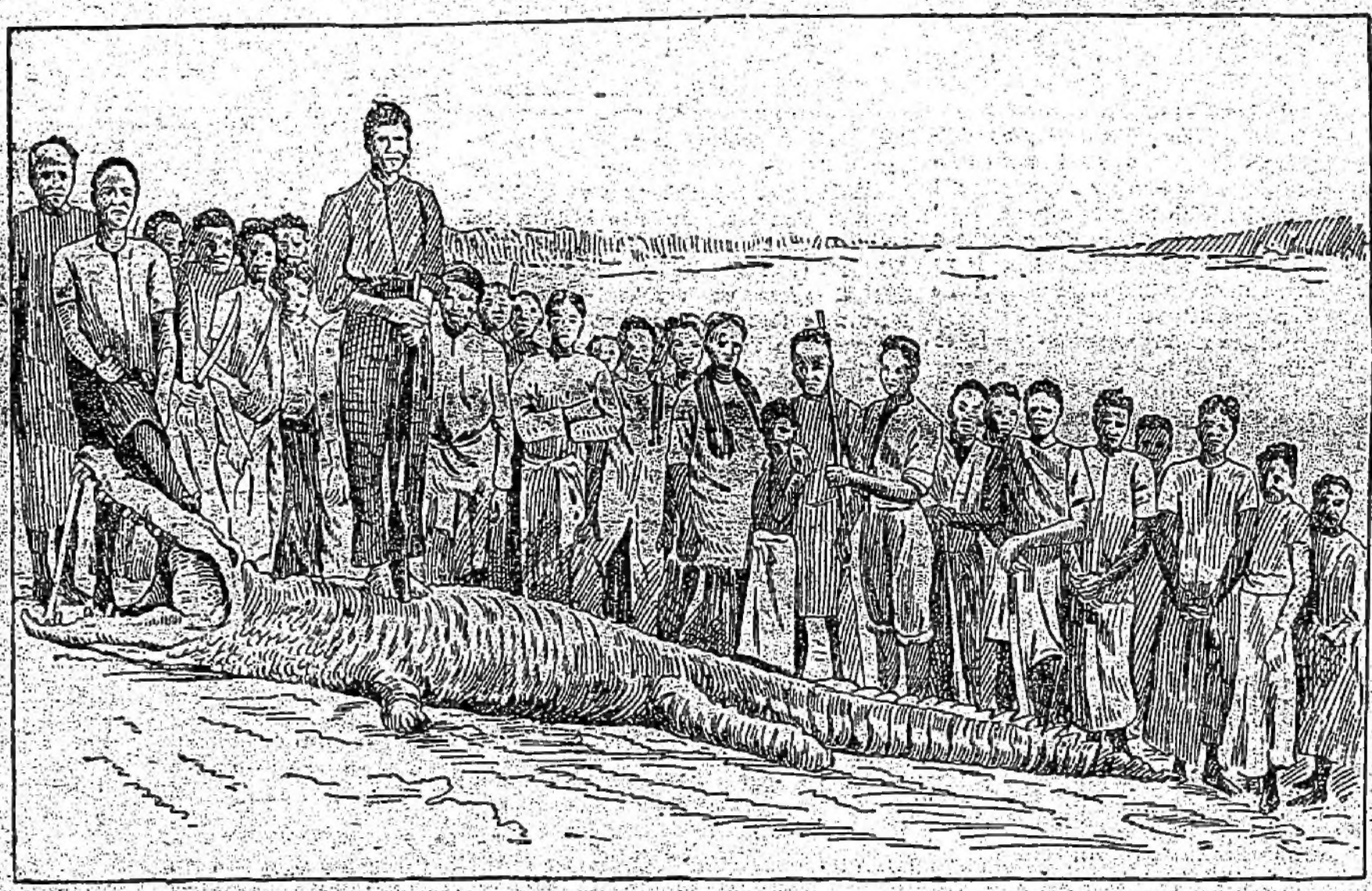
The Crocodile That Killed Bwala at Lukolela.

It was at midnight, says a Baptist missionary magazine, when his scream was heard one hundred yards away from the Mission House; at six o'clock Bwala had asked permission to be away a little while next morning in order to fetch his wife from over the other side of the river. He went to hire a canoe, and was making his way along the river near the shore when the crocodile seized him. His friends hastened to the spot, but all that was seen was the canoe floating down the river with the side knocked in. Thank God, we believe he was ready for that midnight call. His last act on earth was an act of forgiveness. His last work in the printing office was to set a primer for a tribe on the Kasai, where our brethren of the American Presbyterian Mission are engaged. His poor wife was sent for, and oh, her anguish: 'I am punished, I and my husband,' she cried. He died on the way to fetch her, that was the meaning of her cry. She came right up to our house, and the poor girl, naked and smeared with mud, threw herself down in despair. She would not be comforted. It is their custom to treat their bodies so when near relatives die; but at the funeral we managed to get her to rid herself of some of these customs. The day following, in the early morning, I was awakened by a knock at my bedroom door, and when I inquired the reason, with much sobbing several of his friends began to tell me how a woman had dreamt that Bwala was alive on the island opposite, and described the place. They suggested we might take the boat and look; so they took the boat and borrowed Mr. Clark's rifle. I went with them and steered the boat. We went to the place dreamt of. There were marks of a crocodile eating his prey there, but it was impossible to land on account of the jungle, so we floated quietly down the river to seek a landing. The look-out over the wake of the boat cried out that the crocodile was over there. We turned the boat, and fired, and swiftly paddled to the place again; but the beast disappeared. We passed over the place where we had seen it, and again we saw it; we followed it silently. We reached within sixty yards; bang went the rifle, and the beast was wounded; a struggle, and it disappeared, and something floated. What was it? We went quickly down, and with choked whispers we said, "It's Bwala." Some of us lifted his corpse, minus three limbs, carefully into the boat, while others looked for the wounded crocodile, and there he was. We wounded him again, and followed the beast to a little island six miles down the river, where he could get no farther, and our cartridges were spent. We tried with spears to tackle him, but could not get at him. And when we drew him out of his hiding he glared at our fine steel boat, his head and tail lifted up and back arched, and those protruberances on the back extended like so many iron spikes. Well were the men paralyzed for a moment or two—it was a frightful sight. We left him panting his last on the sand, and returned to a village, from whence we sent a messenger overland for more cartridges and men. They came and took the boat for the beast to bring him to the station. I returned with the body of Bwala to the station, and we prepared for the burial. At two o'clock the boat returned with the crocodile—dead. It was got to the land—seventeen feet six inches in length. We recovered the anklet of a woman who had been killed by the beast four years previously, and also the anklet of a man who was seized in a near part of the river two years before. The Bangalas at the State and several people from the villages shared the beast's flesh.



CROCODILE KILLED AT LUKOLELA.

How to Find Out.

Among the congregation that listened every Sunday to a pastor's words, was a fashionable woman. She was in what is called society, the mistress of a luxurious home, and waited upon by a bevy of servants.

The minister had refrained from speaking to this woman. He was a young man, devoted, enthusiastic, but dumb, as so many are, before cynical culture, or wealth and fashion. But he noticed that the lady seemed absorbed by what he had to say in church, and after service one Sabbath he spoke to her upon the topic of the sermon. Quite to his surprise, she listened to him both seriously and eagerly.

'The fact is,' she said, 'I don't understand myself. I have a general inclination to be good; but I don't know whether I am good or not. I don't think I am so awfully wicked, either,' she added, with a constrained laugh.

'May I say,' replied the minister, 'that it seems to me that you ought to know some-

what the character of the motives that govern your life?'

'I don't, and I don't see how I can,' urged the lady.

The clergyman hesitated. What could he say? How could he shed light upon this groping soul?

Then an inspiration came to him.

'Do you think you could find any interest in visiting the poor? Are you accustomed to help people? Would you care to give a little time to charitable work?'

The lady considered a moment; then she said:

'I think I should like to try; only I don't know whether I'm *good enough*.'

'Never mind about that. Let others decide it for you. I will call to-morrow morning and give you a little outline of what you can do for one or two needy families, if you are willing to see me.'

In a short time the lady was at work among the poor and unhappy. Her old friends spoke of her enthusiasm as a 'fad,' but her new friends, the humble ones who felt her kindness, began to call her 'our angel.' Even the indifferent and worthless learned to value her motherly interest in their neglected little ones, and give her gratitude.

To a visitor who was once a lady of fashion, but who has been, like herself, for the last six years a lady of relief, she said:

'On the street I sometimes pick up children whose parents have thrust them out to beg, and bring them into my home. There I feed them, and teach them how to read and sing. To be loved and cared for opens a new world to the poor things. Mine is no doubt often the only kiss these unfortunate waifs ever receive.'

A part of the weekly work she has taken upon herself to do is the teaching of poor mothers to cook and sew, and the supervising of the schooling of their children.' In every practicable way she employs her time and wealth for the benefit of the friendless.

Her former fashionable friends think she is following a foolish hobby. Her pastor speaks of her as one who has 'found herself.'

Probably no one will ever contradict him. She, at least, is too busy, in her new-found content, to stop and find a name for it. It may be that her self-effacement and active Christian love have made her feel, if she cannot hear, the answer to the question that once perplexed her: 'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.'

Many now living in 'amiable idleness' might cure their moral unrest by following her example. — 'Youth's Companion.'

Who Is Responsible?

Many in the church unite, it is true, in demanding a prohibitory law, but they do not agree in support of men to enact it. They readily declare in favor of total abstinence for the individual and legal prohibition for the state, but after so declaring, a large portion of them go to the polls and vote the ticket that insists the saloon shall be licensed. They petition earnestly for prohibitory legislation, and in most cases perhaps vote local option and constitutional prohibitory amendments, but when urged to support a man who declares for prohibition and its strict enforcement, large numbers of them find some reason for declining.

For illustration, here is Dr. Williamson's church of eight hundred members, of which Judge Grant, and the Hon. Chas. Smith are leading officials. The board meeting is in session. The Hon. Mr. Smith, member of the Legislature, has the floor, and is saying in reply to those who advocate prohibition, 'I for one do not understand what more they want. Our church as a church has declared that the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin, and nothing stronger than that could be uttered. The man who sells liquor for a living is worse than a—'

Just then there was a sharp knock on the door.

'Come in,' responded the double bass voice of Mr. Williamson.

The door opened and the portly form of the saloon-keeper across the street appeared in the doorway. He was the first to break the oppressive silence:

'Gentlemen, knowing this to be your regular meeting night, I decided to come over and inform you that I and my family have made up our minds to join your church and help along the good work you are doing.'

This speech was greeted with dumb astonishment by the members of the board. Dr. Williamson was the first to speak.

'Have you given up the saloon business?'

'No, sir,' replied the saloon-keeper.

'Are you going to?'

'No, sir; I am conducting a respectable place and I see no reason why I should.'

'W-e-ll,' slowly replied the Doctor, 'our church rules prohibit us from taking in dealers in liquors, and for that reason we must refuse you.'

'Oh,' said the saloon-keeper, a flush of anger coming into his already florid face, 'I was not aware of that. On what grounds does your church refuse to admit saloon-keepers?'

'On the ground that they are engaged in a business that sends souls to hell,' replied Dr. Williamson. 'The bible says that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God, and therefore no drunkard-maker can. More than that, our board of bishops has declared that the liquor-traffic cannot be legalized without sin.'

The saloon-keeper was thoroughly aroused by this time, and in a suppressed, angry tone, he asked, 'Do you know that a great many of your members are regular customers of mine?'

'I have heard that some were,' said Dr. Williamson.

'Do you know that two of this official board now in this room are among my regular customers?'

No reply, but two very red faces showed who had been hit.

'Do you know that I got my license from Judge Grant, who sits right here, for which I paid the regular license fee?'

'Hold on,' said Judge Grant, 'you are going too fast, my friend; I do not make the laws, and I am compelled by the license law to grant licenses; therefore I am not responsible.'

'Well, the law was enacted by Mr. Smith, there and others like him.'

'You can't place the responsibility on me,' said Mr. Smith. 'I carried out the wishes of those who elected me.'

'I understand that fully,' said the saloon-keeper, 'but I voted for you; so did Judge Grant; so did Dr. Williamson, the rest of this board, and the great majority of the voters in this church. I took it for granted that all who voted for you believed in license. Now I am politely told that I cannot join this heaven-bound band, and that I shall go to hell. Dr. Williamson here voted for you, Smith, to pass a license law which compels Judge Grant here to give me a license—to go to hell! I am the fourth party to the agreement, and without the consent of you three I could not engage in the whisky business. You three are bound for heaven, where you will wear crowns and play on golden harps while I am to suffer the torments of the damned! Gentlemen, if your bible is true, and I go to hell for selling whisky, you will go with me to hell for voting to give me the legal right of doing so. Good-night.'

With that he vanished, closing the door behind him with a vigorous slam.

The members of the official board looked steadfastly on the floor, each one seemingly afraid of breaking the silence. They were Christian men; believed they were doing their Christian duty. But the saloon-keeper, in his fierce arraignment of those present, had placed a tremendous responsibility on their shoulders. Each one was doing some pretty serious thinking when Dr. Williamson ended the silence by saying slowly:

'Brethren, that saloon-keeper told us some terrible truths. Brethren, our hands are not clean, nor our skirts unspotted. Let us go home and pray for light.'—American Paper.

How He Got His Buggy.

'Life is short; time is money, and speech should be to the point. Circumlocution is the thief of time, and often takes away opportunities and repeals effort. An eminent pastor recently gave his experience in dealing with this mental defect in a sincere but wordy missionary, who had asked permission to make a personal appeal to his congregation. In a roundabout way the good man referred to his need of an 'aid to locomotion,' and the fatigues attending 'pedestrianism.' Finally the pastor, knowing that the matter-of-fact, direct way of appealing to his people would be the most effective, said, somewhat bluntly: 'Our friend wants a buggy; give him one.' The missionary got his buggy. He also got a lesson in direct speech.'

Who knows, but some long windy, wordy prayers might be similarly shortened, and bring greater results? Most of the prayers recorded in the bible were short ones; and a short prayer will often reach farther than a long one.—'Safeguard.'

A Little History.

(By Mary F. Butts.)

'So narrow is my dwelling-place,'
A morning glory said,
'The holly-hocks look proudly down,
Upon my humble head,
Far off I hear the happy birds
That to each other call,
Alas, if I could only look,
Beyond the garden wall!'

Said gentle pansy, standing near,
Contented to be low:
'Waste not your strength in grieving;
Just go, to work and grow.
You were not meant to be like me,
A little lowly flower.
You'll soon outstrip the holly-hock,
If you but use your power.'

The morning glory longed no more;
But, looking to the light,
She quite forgot her doubts and fears,
And grew with all her might;
And soon beyond the prisoning wall
The blossoming stems had grown,
And all that morning glories love,
Became her very own.
—'Golden Rule.'

The restive ox but chafes his own neck, and makes his burden no easier. The one that bears the yoke in calmness finds that it is designed for his own comfort, to make lighter the load that he draws. All of Christ's yokes are easy if we will but take them upon us.—'Forward.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Dividing the House.

('The Safeguard.')

Many years ago, when the temperance agitation began to interfere with the freedom of the rum traffic, it was extremely difficult to induce many of the people to declare themselves on this subject. The friends, relatives, and associates of the rum-seller, the men who were profited by his custom, his favor, or his pew-rents, were loth to quarrel with their own bread and butter, by interfering with his methods of making a living. Hence, on the question of license in the 'town meeting' it was hard to get the real convictions of the people.

Among the staunch and earnest advocates of temperance a generation ago was King S. Hastings, of Blandford, Mass., the father of the Rev. H. L. Hastings, of Boston; and he, with a few of his friends, planned to bring matters to a head.

The town meeting was held, and when the question came up, 'Shall licenses be granted to sell intoxicating liquors,' one of the company shouted,

'I move that we divide the house on that question.'

'Second the motion!' 'Second the motion!' said his friends, and it was put to vote and instantly carried.

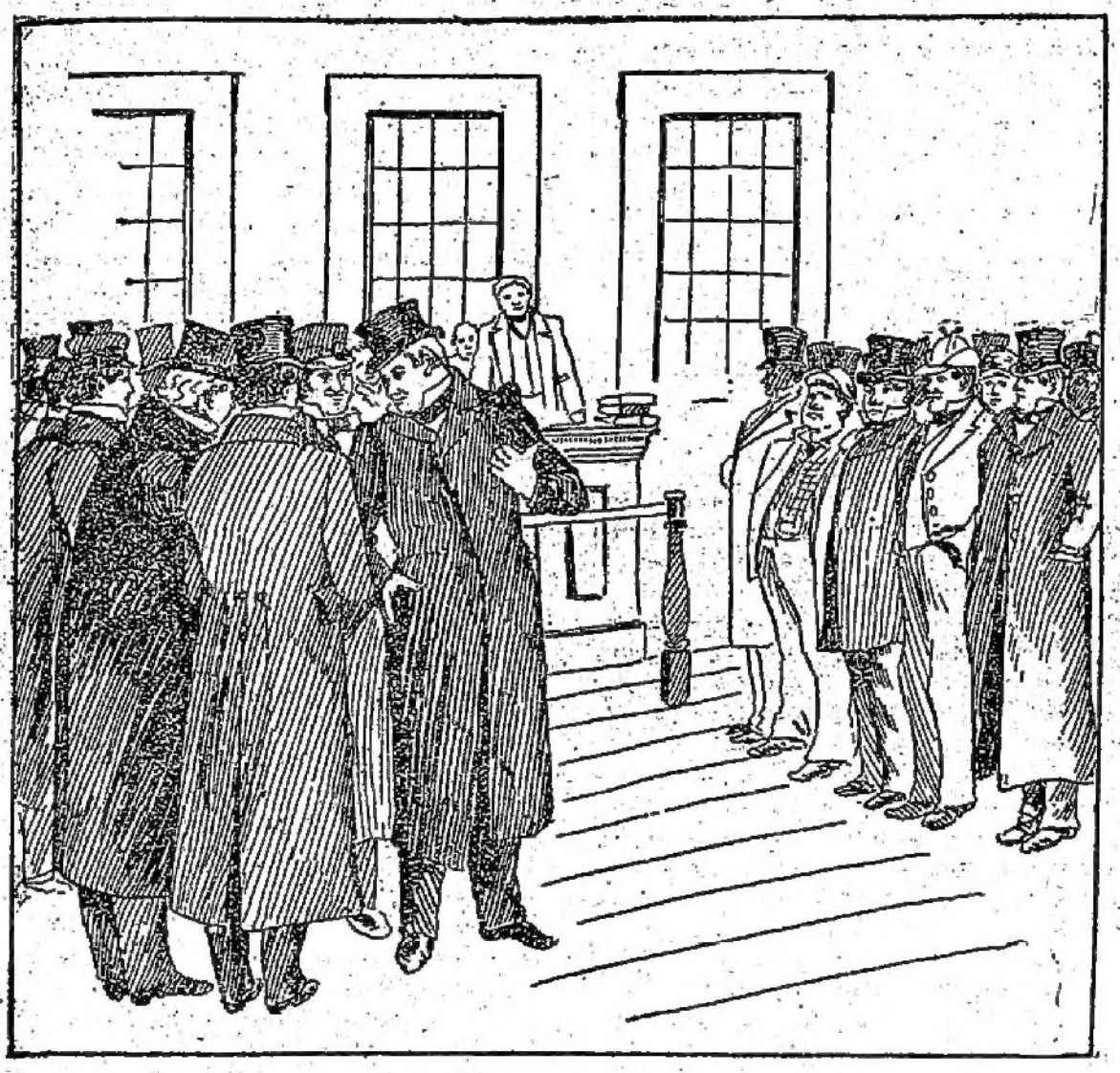
Then came the division. The Town Hall had raised seats on each side, and a vacant space in the middle. The temperance men took one side—strong, sturdy and clear-eyed. The rummies took the other side,—red-nosed, blear-eyed, seedy, and wretched,—looking like 'the sheep on the right hand, but the goats on the left.'

But what about the time-servers? They durst not stand with the temperance men, and they would not be counted with the rummies, and so they shot out-doors, and left the temperance men masters of the field.

The Lewiston 'Journal,' relates a similar instance:

'An old gentleman who was in trade in a Kennebec village for more than a quarter of a century, used to relate an anecdote of a business rival who was a famous liquor dealer in the days when 'everybody kept it.' The temperance agitation of 1844 had changed the notions of many people in Maine as to the propriety of selling liquors, and at length the matter of for or against the traffic came up for a vote in the town meeting.

'The seller alluded to was very strenuous in his opposition to all restraint in his business, and labored heartily with the voters to resist the encroachment on their 'rights.' But in the course of the vote it became necessary to have a division of the house. All for the traffic went to one side of the room, all opposed to the other. The common use of alcoholic drinks had left its marks on the faces of the victims, and the crowd that assembled on one side of the



town hall to insist upon their customary toddy was not so pretty as it might have been. To the surprise of everyone, the famous old seller, after a moment's hesitation, deliberately went to the temperance side.

'"What are you over here for?" ' the astonished people began to question. "You don't belong over here. That's your side over there."

'The old man looked around with disgust, and retorted:

"You don't suppose I'm going over there in that crowd of red noses, do you?"

'Curiously enough, a look at the uncanny assemblage of his customers had appalled him.'

Palms and Daisies.

(By Bertha Gerneaux Davis, in 'The Standard.')

It was a pretty gray house, with a wide piazza extending all along the front. Large trees grew on either side of the walk leading to the door—their branches so gnarled and crooked as to form a hundred cozy corners for the feathered creatures that each summer built their little brown homes and reared their small duplicates, teaching them to twitter and sing, and finally to test their young wings, though with the trial the charms of the home nest must fade away. Were they wisely unselfish or only anxious to shake off parental responsibilities? There was no little girl in the gray house to question and to wonder, and Mrs. Peck, and her one red-cheeked servant had other things to think about.

It was a hot summer morning. Here and there a dandelion shone like burnished gold in the grass, rejoicing in the sunshine, but the morning-glories by the piazza were beginning to close their pink and white purple funnels—trying to roll them up as tightly as the striped and twisted buds that would take their place to glorify the morrow. Perhaps they hoped for a second waking, but their little lifetime had gone with the passing of the morning.

Two little girls came timidly along the walk and up on the piazza.

'Ting-a-ling' rang out the door-bell, so cheerfully that a robin in the treetop felt himself called upon to answer, and set his soft little throat a-quiver.

'May we see Mrs. Peck a minute?' said Esther to the stout servant who opened the door.

The little girls were ushered into the parlor. It was a pleasant relief after the hot walk, but the shutters were so tightly closed to keep out the sunshine that the girls' eyes could just distinguish the outlines of the old-fashioned haircloth sofa. They made their way toward it together, that they might sit side by side, for they felt a little shy of Mrs. Peck. They sat quiet for a minute, till the different objects of the room came out with more and more distinctness.

'There they are!' whispered Lillian, looking toward the palms in the window. 'I wondered why they weren't on the porch. Do you suppose she'll lend them?'

'I don't know. I should think she would. She belongs to our church, you know, if she doesn't get out very often. I guess she'll let us take them.'

'You must ask her,' said Lillian, 'you ought to, you know; you are older than I am.'

A rustle in the hall, and Mrs. Peck appeared. She was not in the most favorable of humors, for preserving strawberries was not the pleasantest occupation with the mercury in such an exalted mood, and besides, one of her new-filled cans had just sprung a leak, and what could be more exasperating to a housekeeper's heart?

'Good morning,' she said, shortly, 'Maria says you want to speak to me. What is it? I've got my hands full this morning.'

'Yes'm,' said Esther, her little speech quickly becoming complicated, 'we want some—you know next Sunday is going to be anniversary Sunday at our church, I mean its the Sunday-school's anniversary, and we want some flowers and palms and birds, you know. I mean the Sunday-school does, because we're to have the charge of it. I mean we're to be on the platform.'

'For pity's sake, child,' ejaculated Mrs. Peck, 'if you've got anything to say, say it. I've got something to do besides sitting here all day.'

The sensitive little face flushed, but the parlor was so dark Mrs. Peck may not have noticed it.

'We wanted'—Esther began with an appealing look at Lillian who kept her eyes resolutely in another direction, 'we wanted to know if you would let us take your palms, they'd look so nice on the platform, and we would be very careful of them.'

'Lend my palms!' ejaculated Mrs. Peck,

holding up the two supplied her by nature, now much reddened by her morning's occupation, and thinking of all the harms which might possibly befall her precious green ones. 'Of all things! Whoever sent you on such an errand as that? That's some of Mrs. Wilson's work, I'll be bound.'

'No'm,' said Esther, timidly, but hastily, for she could not let Mrs. Wilson rest under the unjust imputation, 'it was my own idea. We are all going round to different houses to ask for plants and things, because we want the platform to look pretty, we're all going to sit there — all the Sunday-school scholars.'

'Well, I couldn't think of letting you take my palms. The idea! A pack of children! I think the world of them,' ejaculated Mrs. Peck rather incoherently. Her next move was not a courteous one. She rose, stiff and angular, from her chair, with a suggestive look toward the two little figures on the sofa. They hastily slid off the haircloth cushions.

'I—I guess we'd better go,' said Esther, weakly, and out from the dark parlor into the sunshine, went two little, red-faced girls, holding each other's hands.

The days flew swiftly by. 'Anniversary Sunday' came, and if there were no graceful palms to beautify the platform, there were flowers and green branches, and canaries whose yellow throats quivered and swelled as they joined in the choruses of the little white-robed girls and round-cheeked boys.

It was a week later.

'Got some news for you, Esther,' said Ned, as the little girl came into the house with her hands full of daisies. 'Mrs. Peck needn't have been so scary about lending you her palms She's lost 'em now, every one of 'em. She forgot, and left 'em out over night on the porch, and in the morning they were gone. Somebody stole 'em. Tom Chatfield says they're probably half-way to Boston by now. His mother said she felt awful. I told him it was good enough for her. She needn't have been so stingy about lending 'em. I don't feel sorry for her a bit,' and Ned walked off whistling.

'Mamma,' said Esther, 'did you hear? Did you know Mrs. Peck's palms had been stolen?'

'Yes, dear. I am sorry, I am afraid it won't improve her disposition any,' and then this rather indiscreet remark mamma hastened to amend. 'Poor woman, she has had a great deal of trouble! We ought to feel very sorry for her.'

There was silence for a minute till the little voice began again. 'Mamma, you s'pose she feels real unhappy about losing them?'

'I presume she feels very sorry,indeed.'

'Mamma,' may I go out again, and get some more daisies? I—I believe I will take some to Mrs. Peck.'

It was a hot afternoon. Even the broad-brimmed sun-hat only half shielded Esther's face as she made her way toward the open field where the daisies grew. They were beautiful, long-stemmed flowers, with the whitest of borders and goldenest of centres. Esther gathered a great sheaf of them and since no daisy bunch seemed to her quite complete without a sprinkling of red clovers a handful of these were added; she chose the fullest and roundest heads, though she had to gently suggest a change of location to several yellow bumble bees. The air was full of sweet odors and sweet sounds, and though she was only a very little girl in a very big meadow, she could not feel alone. The grasshoppers gave sociable little hops, bending the tall plumy grasses as they alighted, and the crickets kept up a fitful chirping. Esther had never studied natural history, so she thought the music came from their little black throats, and loved it all the more for that.

At last the bunch of daisies was as large as she could manage. A little wave of shyness came over her as she thought of the visit to be made. She would leave the flowers with Maria. Mrs. Peck would not care to see her, and she did not want to see Mrs Peck. That settled, she walked more courageously.

As it happened Mrs. Peck herself opened the door. She looked down in some surprise at the small visitor. The sheaf of daisies was so large and Esther's arms were so little that some of the daisy heads came up to her chin, and an impertinent clover or two tickled her ear.

'Well,' said Mrs. Peck, a slow smile breaking over her face. 'Good morning.'

'Good morning, Mrs. Peck, I—I've brought you some daisies, some I just picked.'

'Brought them to me ! Well I never ! Come in, child, come in!'

There was no help for it, Esther followed Mrs. Peck into the cool darkened parlor, and made her way shyly toward the same stright-backed sofa where she and Lillian had sat two weeks before.

'I never!' said Mrs. Peck again, looking down at the great bunch of meadow-flowers. 'And you brought them to me!'

It was a shy little figure that sat on the haircloth sofa and two little feet dangled at least six inches above the floor. She cast an apologetic look from the dusty shoes to Mrs. Peck's face. 'I didn't know they looked so—it's a real dusty day.'

Mrs. Peck's eyes grew gentle and more gentle as she looked into the pink childish face, and then down at the round neck, a tinted brown above the collar, and below where the sun's rays had not had a chance to burn, a tender white.

'What made you bring them to me?' she said, looking down at the bunch of yellow-eyed daisies and red clovers. 'Did anyone tell you to?'

'Oh, no, I just thought of it myself, I felt so sorry for you because you lost your palms. I knew the daisies couldn't make up for them, you know, but you might like them some.'

'I do like them,' said Mrs. Peck, decidedly, 'I like them very much.'

Suddely, (was it called up by the fragrance of the clovers and the gold of the daisies, or by some swift passing look on the young face opposite her?) another child with sweet brown eyes, and tossing chestnut curls, seemed to steal to Mrs. Peck's side—a little girl who had brought her just such flowers—so long ago that if she had stayed with her all the years since then, she would no longer be a little girl, but who had slipped away before she could outgrow her white ruffled pinafores, or the sunshine could find time for fading from her hair. Out of doors the cicadas kept up a rasping chorus, accompanied now and then by a note of a robin on the lawn. There was such a long pause inside the dim parlor, that Esther slid noiselessly down from the haircloth sofa. 'I guess I'll have to go, Mrs. Peck.'

The childish voice drove away the little dream-face with the brown eyes, and Mrs. Peck took a long look at the serious blue ones. 'Don't go,' she said, 'Sit down again, and tell me what you did at your church on Sunday. How was it fixed up?'

'Oh,' said Esther, 'it was real pretty. We had some lilies, calla lilies, and roses, and Miss Bentley fixed some green branches around the pulpit.'

'Did you have any palms?' questioned Mrs. Peck.

'No, ma'am,' but the branches looked lovely, and almost as pretty.

'I wish,' said Mrs. Peck, slowly, 'I wish I'd let you have my palms. I guess nothing would have happened to 'em.'

'No, ma'am, I guess there wouldn't; but I know how you felt about them. You felt just as I do when any of the other girls want to play with my best wax doll, my big wax one. I'm always so afraid they'll rub the paint off her face, or flatten her nose, you know, without meaning to. I guess you felt so about your palms.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Peck, smiling slightly, 'I was afraid my palms would have got their noses flattened too. But—but you let them take your doll, anyway, I'll warrant, don't you?'

'Yes'm'—truthfully, but slowly.

'Humph!' said Mrs. Peck, 'that's the difference, you see ! Well—' after a pause. 'What did you do down at the church? Did you speak a piece?'

'No, I sang one. I sang, "I think when I read that sweet story."'

'Can you sing it now?'

Esther twisted her apron in her embarrassment. It had not been so very hard there in the church among the lilies and roses, with a crowd of faces looking at her, but to try it here—on the haircloth sofa, with Mrs. Peck watching her. How could she do it?

'Oh, I don't know,' she said, weakly.

'I wish you would,' said Mrs. Peck, 'I'd like to hear it.'

So, swinging one little dusty shoe, to relieve her embarrassment, Esther began:

'I think when I read that sweet story of old,'

It was pitched too high, and her voice died away on the last note.

'I'll have to begin over again,' she said, 'I was singing too high.'

'It sounds real nice,' said Mrs. Peck, and thus encouraged, Esther made another attempt, the little voice growing quite brave by the time it reached the last verse:

'In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

The childish treble called up the little brown-eyed vision again. Mrs. Peck could see it more clearly with her eyes closed, and so she sat with her head resting on the back of her big, cushioned chair and her eyes shut tight till the song was finished. She opened them quickly then. 'That's a nice song,' she said.

'Yes'm, I think it's pretty.'

'S'posing you stay and take tea with me to-night.' Mrs. Peck suggested, suddenly. 'I'm all alone, and I guess we could manage to have quite a nice time together. Will you?'

'Thank you,' said Esther, 'I'd like to,' and she meant it, for she was beginning to like Mrs. Peck. 'I'll have to go home first and ask mamma, and—and black my shoes, and I guess she wouldn't like to have me come in an apron either.'

'You needn't fix up at all. You come just as you are—you look all right. After we've had tea I'll get out a box I have up in the attic full of dolls and little doll's things, you know. I put 'em away a long time ago, and I guess you'd like to see 'em.'

'Are they some you used to play with?' questioned Esther, interestedly.

'No; they belonged to a little girl years ago.'

'Oh! Is she grown up now?'

'No,' said Mrs. Peck, quietly, 'she didn't grow up.'

'Oh!' said Esther again, and she was quiet

for a long minute, her small, sunburned, hands folded on her lap, and one little foot swaying slowly.

'I'll be right back,' she said, rising suddenly. 'It won't take me long to run home, and I know mama'll let me come.'

Guarded by Angels.

A TRUE STORY.

(By M. S. Burke, in 'The Independent.')

'It is folly to work here for seventeen dollars a month, when I can get double elsewhere,' said John, in an apologetic tone, as he strapped his carpet-bag fast to a stout hickory stick.

'I know it, my son, replied his mother. 'But it is very hard to let you go away alone like this; a mere boy, among strangers.'

'I am twenty-one,' said he, drawing himself up proudly.

'And at that age a boy feels older than his mother, and father both,' said his father, slapping his fine, stalwart son, good-naturedly on the shoulder.

'Oh, I know I'm not Methuselah,' John replied with a laugh; 'but, then, a boy at twenty-one is a man, in law, and should know how to take care of himself, if ever he will.'

'I only wish I were going along,' said Harrison, the next younger, a lad of twelve.

'Me do, too,' piped the baby reaching out her chuby hands toward her brother, as though ready to start at once.

'That's right, my little Florilla,' said John, dropping his carpet-bag, and catching her in his arms to give her the toss she so dearly loved. 'You might go if mother can spare her little girl.'

'Mother cannot spare one of her brood,' said the mother, with a suspicious tremble in her voice.

'Well, I will not be gone long; only a year or two, at most,' said John, with an air of bravado somewhat out at the elbows. 'And I shall be all right, too; I can easily foot the thirty miles to Pittsburg, with a lift now and then from teamsters on the road, and then I shall take the cars as far as my money goes, if necessary; for I mean to travel until I find a region where the man who ploughs brains is as valuable as the man who ploughs the earth, at least, if I have to walk all the way.'

'I think myself that you will do better among strangers, John,' said the father; for it is not alone a want of appreciation of the value of education that you have to contend with here, but the familiarity of old acquaintance, too; for "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," you know.'

'Well, I must be off now,' said John, putting baby down and looking wistfully around the homely apartment, that served at once for parlor, library, family sitting-room and the old folks' bed-chamber. Never had the little log house of four rooms looked so beautiful; for he was about to leave it, and it was home. This was the first parting, too, and this Christian household was an affectionate, united family. In fact a large part of the religion taught by their old-fashioned Church was love, human love — the kind that teaches its disciples to bear each other's burdens. Such people never part lightly, for parting is a serious thing, that might be forever. So as John went from one to the other of that little group he embraced and kissed each one, father and brothers, as well as mother and sisters, while great tears were streaming down his cheeks. He was not ashamed of those tears either; and, in fact, he had plenty of company, for they all wept with him.

'It will be a year, at least, before I see it all again,' glancing around the room, where everything looked so pure and clean, with a touch of art in the little attempts at ornamentation, which made it apparent that somebody there had a keen eye for the beautiful. That cleanliness is next to godliness, was also a part of their unpretending creed; but the belief that 'Pride goeth before a fall,' had usually sternly repressed the love of art in their sect lest it prove a pitfall and a snare. But John had an artistic sense that would not be repressed, and the simple ornaments had all been purchased out of his salary, notwithstanding the fact that he had been hoarding for months, to get the means to start out into the wide world to seek his fortune. There was a look of keen regret in the boy's blue eyes that shone through the tears, as he took it all in, and then walking to the door leading into the other of the two lower rooms, viewed the dining-room and kitchen combined, the wide, open fireplace, the embers smouldering beneath the blackened crane, the deal table, as white as soap and water, aided by sand and Pennsylvania industry could make it, the window with its snowy sash-curtain drawn aside to let the sunshine in on a pot of verbena, bringing the rebellious artistic spirit even into the kitchen; for John had inherited his love of the beautiful from his mother, although her plain costume of gray stuff, with three-cornered white kerchief pinned across her bosom, gave small hint of that fact.

He was only twenty-one; but he had a man's purpose to conquer fate, a good education, and temperate habits; so his youthful air-castles were built on a somewhat practical plan.

He had in the carpet-bag, just strapped to his stout walking-stick, a change of clean linen, made by his mother's own hands, too, so warranted not to rip; he was provided, also, with a substantial luncheon in the capacious pocket of his coat; and his mother put a bible into the pocket on the other side.

'To balance it properly,' she said. 'And there is one passage in this book which has always seemed very beautiful to me: "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands shall they bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone;" which proves very conclusively to my mind that the angels do watch over those who are committed to their care.'

'Well, good-bye mother,' said John, with a tell-tale quaver in his voice, slinging the stick, with carpet-bag attachment, across his shoulders.

'Farewell, my son, May the good angels guard my boy when Mother can no longer minister to him! I shall ask it every day of him,' she concluded, clasping her care-worn hands upon her breast and raising her tearful eyes heavenward.

'Oh, I'll be all right; never fear, Mother,' John answered, as he strode out of the gate, waving a last farewell, then disappeared down the road.

'I feel just like going with him,' said Harrison. 'It don't seem fair for him to go off alone like that, while we are all here together.'

'He has the Lord with him, children; don't forget that, though I did myself a while ago,' said the mother, 'and it is that thought which gives me courage to let him go at all, Isn't it so with you, father?' But the father had disappeared, for men are wont to hide their grief.

Alas! if they knew the dangers through which their loved one would pass inside of a fortnight they would have needed more than ever all the courage they could call up.

What a sight for our country lad was the busy depot at Pittsburg, with the panting engines, the rattling trucks and the hurrying people; and his heart gave a great plunge that almost suffocated him as the train started at last. How queer it all was, as trees, houses and towns seemed to fly past; and the strange experience soon dried his tears, the ephemeral tears of youth.

Then suddenly the train stopped and there was a strange commotion outside. He arose, and going out on the platform was horrified to learn that a hand-car on which six men were riding had been run down by his train, and five of the men instantly killed.

And he seemed to hear his mother's voice saying, 'I shall ask it every day of him'; and John thought, 'I wonder if anyone prayed for them,'

At Delaware, O., he stopped off to try his chances, and finding no vacancy, decided to go on at once; but as no train was due for several hours, he concluded to while away the time by a visit to the county fair, then in progress; and the many exhibits he saw there gave another new experience, while some of them were a great treat to his art-loving nature.

But here he was again brought face to face with death, as standing in the crowd around a stationary engine, it exploded, killing eleven persons, while he remained unscathed.

'May the good angels guard my boy when Mother can no longer minister unto him,' he whispered, with a look of awe upon his face; for a young man about his own age was stricken right at his side.

He pushed on that same evening toward Circleville, where he attended a political meeting next day—the church meetings at home being the only kind of gatherings known to him, hitherto—and his pulses began to tingle at the wild huzzas that rent the air, from each faction in their turn, as their favorites made what seemed to them good points. It was a debate between 'Sunset' Cox and Samuel Galloway, and the keen wit of the former was a treat, indeed, to the country lad, with his sober training.

Here the railway ended, and he took the stage to Chillicothe. This consumed the last of his money, save a few dollars to furnish food; at Chillicothe, therefore, he took to the road, walking along the tow-path of the canal, and, crossing over the river to the Kentucky side, on a flatboat attached to a rope that stretched from shore to shore, he went up to Greenupsburg, and passed the examination there with credit; but the engagement was given to another aspirant. So concluding that the towns were scarcely the place for so primitive a teacher, he made up his mind to temper his ambition and content himself with a country school; and as he had heard that an examination was about to take place at Wheelersburg, O., for teachers in the country schools, he retraced his way as far as Ironton.

It was now late in the afternoon; but if he tarried until morning it would take his last cent to pay for a night's lodging; so he crossed the river again and started over the mountain that lay in his route, whistling to keep his courage up, as he trudged along. But how dark and lonely the way became as the day waned, for the moon was on the other side of the hill, and as the shadows fell thicker and blacker, they seemed to enwrap him in a mantle of doubt, as well as of darkness, and he felt a sudden, overpowering dread, of something, he knew not what. 'I shall ask it every day of him'; the sweet words breathed through his heart. 'She prayed for me to-day,' he said, 'I am not afraid'; and he strode on, his step growing firmer and more assured.

But suddenly he became aware that he was no longer in the path. Frequent ob-

struction of trees, stumps and bowlders, taught him that. He was lost in the mountains. A lonely owl hooted over his head, and the silence of night seemed full of strange noises. Again that dread of some unseen danger almost paralyzed his will, and his feet dragged, heavy and clogged, like the footsteps of age.

'May the good angels guard my boy,' he sighed; and comforted, he wandered on.

'I will strike the path again, presently, I know,' he said aloud, in a confident tone.

Just then he almost fell over a tree which had fallen to the ground. He started to go around it, but became entangled in the branches at one end, and butted up against the roots at the other, as though unseen hands sought to hold him back. But he clambered over the trunk and pursued his way.

'I know I will soon be out of this if I keep on; and it is too cold to sleep in the woods,' as though apologizing for his disregard of some friendly opposition; and there, right before him, he saw a light glimmering in the valley below.

'Hurrah!' he shouted and started down with accelerated speed.

Crossing a shallow brook at the foot of the mountain, on a rustic bridge, made plainly visible by the moonlight that flooded the valley on this side of the hill, he at last reached an enclosure around a cabin home, and, vaulting over the fence, rapped at the door.

A man appeared with a tallow dip in his hand, and, holding it high above his head, viewed his youthful visitor with the utmost surprise. 'Come in, my boy—come in!' he said, leading the way; and ushering John into the one room of the cabin, where a motherly woman sat knitting beside the ample hearth, upon which a roaring log fire was blazing, making warmth and light too.

'Here, take this cheer, an' set down, an' tell us whar ye come from,' said the man, offering John a seat right in the ruddy glow of the fire; 'for I see yer a stranger in these parts.'

'I came across th mountain,' said John.

'Which way did ye come to bring ye to Jack Martin's cabin?' the man asked, in visible surprise; 'for this place o' mine is nigh a mile from the road.'

'I came acros sthe mountain,' said John.

'Across thet mountain!' Mr. Martin almost shouted. 'Ye tell me thet, an' think I'll believe ye!'

'Indeed, sir, I did,' said John, earnestly. 'You do not think I would deceive you? Why should I?'

'Across thet hill after dark,' said Mr. Martin, in an awe-struck whisper; 'an' you be alive to tell it.'

'Why, what danger was there?' asked John, nervously.

'Danger!' repeated Mr. Martin, 'I will take ye out thar to-morrer, an' show ye.'

'Ef ye crossed thet hill to-night, some good angel must have led ye, chile',' said the woman, dropping her knitting, and looking curiously at John over her spectacles.

And another womanly voice, a far sweeter voice to him than any other, seemed to breathe close to his ear, 'May the good angels guard my boy, when Mother can no longer minister unto him.'

'Mother, get the young man some'at to eat,' said Mr. Martin, abruptly, turning to his wife, and John thought his voice strangely husky.

There was a tear in the good woman's eye, too, as she spread a snowy cloth on the pine table, and laid upon it the homely viands for his meal, sweet home-made bread, golden butter, some baked apples, and a pitcher of cider.

After a good night's sleep on the spare bed, in the corner opposite to that in which his host and hostess slept, and a hearty breakfast for which these hospitable people would not take a cent—John felt quite equal to a tramp by daylight over the ground he had travelled in the darkness of the night before.

'Ye'd never ketch me a-walkin' uv it in anything but the broadest kind uv daylight,' said Mr. Martin, as they started up the side of the mountain, 'I've chopped cordwood hereabouts for nigh onto twenty year, an' I never set foot on this hill arter dark.'

'Why,' said John, 'what is the matter with it?'

'Look an' see, jest at yer feet, an' thar, an' thar!' said Mr. Martin, excitedly, pointing on all sides at holes in the ground, with which the hill was honeycombed; and then he led John to the brink of one of them, and he looked down into a yawning pit, black and bottomless, where the iron ore had been blasted from the rocky sides of the mountain. 'D'ye see thet? An' the hill's full uv 'em; an' how d'ye s'pose ye ever wandered roun' and roun' in the dark when ye wuz lost 'thout fallin' in a dozen uv 'em?'

'I don't think I could have fallen into a dozen,' John laughed, nervously, 'for one would have been plenty.'

'It's well nuff ter laugh now,' said Mr. Martin, gravely; 'but it seems leetle short uv a merakle thet you be alive ter tell the story.'

And right before them was the tree over which John had clambered, with a yawning pit at each end of it. Had he gone around it as he had at first attempted, he would have gone down into a pit, whichever side he took.

'I shall ask it every day of him,' thought John; and in his heart he understood the miracle.

John passed his examination successfully, and got a school in Scioto County, at a salary of $37.50 per month, which made him feel far richer than his present salary of $5,000 a year! for John boarded around among his scholars, and, dressing very plainly, he saved most of his money, and took a course in law, moved to the far West, and now represents his state in the United States Senate.

Ungracious Goodness.

(By Martha Clark Rankin.)

'Mamma, is Mr. Black a good man?' was the earnest query of a ten-year-old boy.

'Yes, indeed; a very good man. Why do you ask?' was my reply.

'Because, if he is good, then I don't see why God lets a good man be so very disagreeable!'

To the mother of three ever-questioning children, it was no uncommon experience to be at a loss for an answer, and this time the thought was one which had often seemed puzzling. It is written of our Saviour that he 'increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.' That would seem to be the natural condition of spiritual growth—an increase in favor with man as well as God; but alas! I know too many who, like Mr. Black, were types of ungracious goodness. A stern, sour face, which instantly repelled a sensitive person; a manner never kindly, often distinctly unsympathetic and harsh—could I wonder that such a man should be a stumbling-block in the way of my child?

I sent the boy away on an errand, knowing that his question would be brought back to me, but hoping by delay to gain some inspiration. Immediately all the ungracious good people I had ever known began to pass in procession before me.

First came the woman who could always be depended upon to help a neighbor or the church, but who was sure first to find fault, criticise, and scold, giving the impression that she was a martyr, killing herself with self-sacrificing work. 'An excellent woman,' everybody said, 'but peculiar,'—a word, by the way, which covers a multitude of sins.

Next came the blunt church-member who prided herself on always telling the truth, 'If everybody was like me,' she was wont to say, 'there wouldn't be much trouble in the world. Everybody knows just where I stand.' It is she who waits for the pastor after church with the greeting: 'I hope you'll give us a good, practical sermon next Sunday—one that'll hit some of our backsliding members; and p'r'aps you don't know that Aunt Huldy's feeling dreadful hurt because you ain't been in since she's had the rheumatism so bad.'

The poor pastor, who had known nothing of 'Aunt Huldy's' rheumatism, goes home discouraged—a feeling which he shares with half a dozen others whom she greets. But she is a good woman, and at least never says anything behind your back that she would not say to your face.

Following her is the elderly man who is ever shaking his head over the degeneracy of the times and the frivolity of the young. When he was a boy, he went to church twice every Sunday, and to Sunday-school between; and, if boys now had to do the same, there would be an end to Sunday bicycling and weekday dancing and card-playing. He does not know what the world is coming to with such a gay set of young folks to take the place of the strong men and women who will soon be gone.

His cousin is the man who thinks poorly of the Christian Endeavor movement. It makes a good show, he admits, but there is too much show about it, and it makes the young people think they can run everything.

Next I remember a lady whose diligence in the study of her Sunday-school lesson attracted my attention on the cars, one day. With bent head and attentive air she was comparing her bible and commentary, and I thought some scholars were fortunate in a diligent and careful teacher. Then she looked up, and I found myself wondering whether the lesson of the melancholy, scowling face might not teach louder than all she could say. And when she moved aside to make room for an old woman who came into the crowded car, I noticed that it was done without the smile that would have made the action gracious.

At this point I was interrupted by a call from my pastor, to whom I propounded the question, 'Why is it that good people are not always agreeable?'

'They are,' was the response. 'Goodness must of necessity be agreeable. If one fails to find it so the fault must be in himself.'

I was silenced, but would this answer satisfy my child? Should I say to him, 'You are very wrong, my son, to think Mr. Black cross; if you were only better yourself, you would see only his lovely traits of character; we see in others the reflection of ourselves?'

Perhaps it was a mistake, but when he came bounding in to hear what I would say, I found myself talking after this fashion,'

'You know, my child, that when we call a person "good," we don't mean that he is perfect; only One who has ever lived has been without faults. We mean simply that he is trying to do right. Your little experience in gardening has shown you that it is far easier to raise a good crop on one piece of ground than another; and so good traits are much more easily cultivated in some characters than in others. Some people fail to realize their unattractive manners, while others, I fancy, mourn in secret over what they do not

succeed in overcoming. We can always respect their evident desire to be good, whatever the result; and we should strive ourselves for a gracious and winning manner. It is the oil which makes things run smoothly, and prevents friction in the affairs of life. You know how much more easily a bicycle runs after it has been oiled, and you may often notice that one gracious, kindly person will keep a whole household happy and sweet-tempered. A man may be gracious without being good, and he may be good without being gracious; but it is only the union of the two that gives the best results.' —'S. S. Times.'

Afraid of a Shadow.

Many of God's children shrink from the thought of death, even though their faith assures them that it is but the gateway into eternal life and eternal happiness. To such this story shows in a simple, plain, direct way how, as the old shepherd said, 'death is only a shadow with Christ behind it.'

'A godly shepherd was dying, and when his minister came, said to his wife, "Jean, gie the minister a stool and leave us for a bit, for I wad see the minister alone."

'As soon as the door was closed he turned the most pathetic pair of gray eyes upon me I ever looked into, and said in a voice shaken with emotion: "Minister, I'm dying, and—and—I'm afraid!"

'I began at once to repeat the strongest promises with which God's word furnishes us, but in the midst of them he stopped me.

'"I ken them a'," he said, mournfully; "I ken them a', but somehow they dinna gie me comfort."

'"Do you believe them."

'"Wi' a' my heart," he replied earnestly.

'"Where, then, is there any room for fear with such a saving faith?"

'"For a' that, minister, I'm afraid, I'm afraid."

'I took up the well-worn bible which lay on his bed and turned to the twenty-third Psalm. "You remember the twenty-third Psalm," I began.

'"Remember it!" he said, vehemently; "I kenned it long afore ye were born; ye need na read it; I've conned it a thousand times on the hillside."

'"But there is one verse you have not taken in."

'He turned upon me a half-reproachful and even stern look.'

'I slowly repeated the verse, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

'"You have been a shepherd all your life, and you have watched the heavy shadows pass over the valleys and over the hills, hiding for a little while the light of the sun. Did these shadows ever frighten you?"

'"Frighten me?" he said, quickly. "Na, na! Davie Dolandson has Covenanters' bluid in his veins; neither shadow nor substance could weel frighten him."

'"But did those shadows ever make you believe that you would not see the sun again, that it was gone forever?"

'"Na, na; I could not be such a simpleton at that."

'"Nevertheless, that is just what you are doing now." He looked at me with incredulous eyes.

'"Yes," I continued, "the shadow of death is over you, and it hides for a while the Sun of Righteousness, who shines all the same behind it; but it's only a shadow. Remember, that is what the Psalmist calls it — a shadow that will pass; when it has passed, you will see the everlasting hills in their unclouded glory."

'The old shepherd covered his face with his trembling hands and for a few minutes maintained an unbroken silence; then letting them fall straight on the coverlet, he said, as if musing to himself, "Aweel, aweel! I ha' conned that verse a thousand times on the heather, and I never understood it so afore—afraid of a shadow, afraid of a shadow!"

'Then turning upon me a face now bright with an almost supernatural radiance, he exclaimed, lifting his hands reverently to heaven, "Ay, ay? I see it a' now. Death is only a shadow, with Christ behind it, a shadow that will pass. Na, na! I'm afraid nae mair." '—'Union Gospel News.'

Correspondence

'Christina,' writes a long and picturesque description of the birds she has learned to love. Her letter shows a good deal of study of the habits of birds, and is very carefully and neatly written.

'Rena,' is a busy little girl who helps her mother, she has a splendid Sunday-school record. 'Mabel' lives near a beautiful mountain. We are sorry little 'Melissa' has been so ill. It is very sweet to have a little brother and sister for pets. 'Marygold' takes a great interest in the 'Messenger.'

New Cumberland, Pa., Jan. 9, 1898.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years of age and a reader of the 'Messenger,' and like it very well. I go to school almost every day. I have to stay at home and help to work, for my mother is not very strong.

I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I have missed but a few Sundays in the year of 1897, and have two and a half miles to go.

We live on a farm of one hundred and fifteen acres, but are going to move in the spring.

We milk eight and nine cows in the summer, that is not so hard on me for we have a cream separator. Yours truly,

RENA.

St. Hilaire, Jan. 14, 1898.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking your paper for a long time, and like it very much. I live at the foot of the Beloeil mountain. There is a beautiful lake half-way up. We often have haycart drives, and go up there to spend the day. The grown-up people sometimes go up to the peak. It is a long walk, but a beautiful view. I will write again and tell you of my pets, and other pretty places around here. Your little friend,

MABEL.

Age eleven years.

Pakenham, Jan. 14, 1898.

Dear Editor, — I was fourteen years old last October. We live in the country on a farm. I am in the fifth class at school. I like to go very much, but, still, I am not sorry when a holiday comes. We have two miles to walk in the summer time, but we drive in the winter.

I have four brothers and two sisters, so you see, there is quite a large family of us, and we all like reading very much. My brother Robert takes the 'Messenger,' and all enjoy it very much. It is indeed like a messenger.

When we get the mail I always look for the 'Messenger' first, because I think it is the best paper we get.

MARYGOLD.

Fordwich, Jan. 7, 1898.

Dear Editor,—I read the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. My mother and father used to take it long ago, and a couple of years ago my sister subscribed for it again. I am eight years old, and go to school. I am in the junior third class, and I like school very much. I have been sick all Christmas holidays, with inflammatory rheumatism, and I don't like that. I am a member of the Methodist Church, and I attend the Sunday-school also. I have no pets, but a little brother and sister. We live in the town.

MELISSA.

Sault Ste. Marie.

Dear Editor,—I live at Saint Mary's Falls, where Lake Superior dashes its waters over the rocks, making hundreds of angry little white-crested waves, that sing together the year round, but loudest always just before a storm. They seem like waves in a painted picture, for the hand that made them chained them to their places.

I am not yet thirteen years old. I try to love everything that God has made, though I find it much easier to love some things than others. There are things that one cannot help loving, and there are other things one cannot love at all, without trying very hard. I am sure no one can help loving the harmless little birds that live on seeds, and insects, for they carry our hearts away with them on their beautiful wings; but their big neighbours, the hawks and eagles, I find it not so easy to love. I can see no beauty in their curved beaks, and sharpened talons. They claim my admiration better when placed in a museum, with glass eyes in their heads, than looking down from treetops on helpless victims. Such birds never learn to sing, but lead selfish, silent lives. The green summer time is very beautiful, but what would it be without the birds that sing so cheerfully? Oh, what happy little folks the birds are! They come to us from a far-off land, because they love our summers well, and they stay with us constantly till the autumn leaves turn brown, and begin to fall. When the branches are naked we can better see their nests, and judge of the industry of the little creatures that built them. We are then surprised at their number, and at finding them in places where we had fancied there were none.

That little deserted home among the branches cost a great deal of labor; but the hearts of the birds were in the work, and that kept them from feeling tired. While it held their eggs and little ones it was to them the dearest spot in the world. It required constant watchfulness, and the employment of a great many little arts, to keep dust in people's eyes, and deceive young naturalists and others, coming that way with unkindly purpose.

Our babies have their cradles rocked for them by the elder children, who find it irksome work, because it keeps them from play; but it is the wind that rocks the cradles of the birds, swaying the branches to and fro, and sometimes it rocks them so hard that out tumble the little birds! The cruel treatmen the birds receive makes them distrustful, and some of the most timid kinds shun us altogether, taking up their abode in the unfrequented, gloomy woods. In the autumn days, when the woods are strangely beautiful, I hear resounding in them the report of fire-arms, and I know that, with every flash of fire, some poor bird is dropping headlong to the ground with broken wing!

Last summer I tried to make pets of a number of birds that came to our woodshed door. At first they refused the crumbs I had scattered for them till I had entered the house; but after a while they overcame their fear, so that my presence was not so strongly objected to. In the early morning I found them waiting for me on the doorstep. I was very sorry when the breath of winter came and drove them all away. When the summer comes again, I shall be glad to welcome them back, and shall be greatly disappointed if a single one be missing.

CHRISTINA.

LITTLE FOLKS

'Follow me,' said mamma.

So Will went up the street after mamma, running into the middle of the road, or jumping on stone walls. After a while he missed his footing as he ran along a wall, fell, and broke his leg.

'But you said to follow you, mamma, and so I did!' cried Will.

'My child, if you had followed me, you would have kept in the middle of the path and met no danger,' his mamma answered.

Often little folks try to be good and follow Jesus. But they run away into many little paths by the way. Do you think that is truly following Jesus? — 'Mayflower.'

Hanging the Baby.

(The facts of this story are true although some of the details are imaginery.)

There was a great excitement in Bhazu's home one morning. Bhazu was a little girl who lived in a small village in India. She was a happy child, living on day after day, seeing very few people except her mother, her little brother, and her darling little baby sister. Her father was away from home a great deal, and when he was at home, he did not take much notice of Bhazu. He lavished all his love on his beautiful boy, of whom he was very proud. As for the poor girl baby, he hardly even looked at her.

For several weeks the baby had not been well. Her mother had tried various charms and offerings to the idols, but nothing seemed to do any good; and now the little boy began to grow thin and pale also. The fact was they did not live in a very healthy place. But the mother did not know that; she had just come to the conclusion that they must be under the influence of an evil spirit. Not far from their house was a temple of Ayenar, the god of demons. He must be angry with them for some reason. What could it be? They had been very careful to take him the right offerings on all his sacred days; and yet he must be angry. What could they do?

There was one thing they could do, but her mother could not bear to think of it. It was a dreadful thing, and the thought seemed to hang over the household like a shadow. Bhazu did not know what the trouble was, but she saw the anxiety in her mother's face, and she felt afraid of something, she did not know what.

Bhazu's father had been away on a long journey, but now he had come home. When her mother heard his voice at the gate, Bhazu noticed that she clasped the baby very tightly to her heart, and turned very white. As soon as he came into the house, he asked quickly,

'How is the child?'

'Better, I think,' said the mother in a trembling voice.

'Let me see her.'

The mother unfolded the muslin sarree that was wrapped around the child.

'No better!' exclaimed the father when he saw her. 'I saw the lie in your face. The boy is growing thin and pale too. It must be done to-morrow.'

'Oh, not to-morrow,' pleaded the mother. 'Wait just a little longer.'

'No,' was the stern reply, 'not a day longer. She must go to the temple to-morrow. Ayenar is angry with us, and nothing else will appease his wrath. He is already showing his anger on my boy. I will not have him injured just for a girl. Have everything ready at sunrise to-morrow morning.'

Saying this, the husband and father left the room; and the poor young mother sat down with her child in her arms, and cried as if her heart would break.

'What is it, Ammal?' said Bhazu, going up to her, 'What is the trouble?'

'Oh, Bhazu!' said her mother, 'something dreadful is the matter. Our darling baby must be hung up for the evil spirits. We must put her in a basket and hang her somewhere near Ayenar's temple, and there she must stay for three whole days and nights. I know she will die. The white ants will eat her, or the jackals will kill her. Oh, my beautiful baby!'

'Can't we stay with her and take care of her?' asked Bhazu.

'We can give her food three times a day, but that is all. If the great birds come we cannot drive them away. Ayenar will be angry if we do. Oh, if our gods were only like the Christian's God how much happier we should be!'

'Is that the one the white lady in the tent was talking about?'

'Yes; but don't let your father know that we listened to her. I don't know what he would do to us if he knew. Oh, my dear little baby, how can I give you up?' And Bhazu and her mother began to cry together. Soon the father's footsteps were heard outside, and they both stopped instantly, they were so afraid of his anger.

All night long the mother watched by her child, who moaned and cried as if she knew the dreadful fate which awaited her; and in the grey morning twilight the sad little procession started for the temple. The father went in front, grim and stern. He really loved his wife, and it was hard to see her sorrow; but he was fully convinced that this was the only way to save the whole family from the anger of the god of the demons. Next to the father came Bhazu and her little brother, then her mother carrying the baby in the basket, and then a servant with incense and food and various offerings for the idol.

Bhazu will never forget how frightful the temple looked to her that morning. The temple itself was only a large box—large enough to let a dozen people go inside; but all around this box were the most fearful-looking figures of animals —huge horses and elephants, who looked so fierce and cruel that Bhazu did not dare go near them herself; and what would the poor baby do?

First they went by those terrible figures into the dark box to take their offerings to the idol. The priests took the food they had brought, — rice, and milk, etc.—and placed them at the feet of the idol; and after a while they ate it for their own breakfast.

But the worst of it all was to come. The little company walked slowly out of the temple, led by a priest, who selected the proper place to hang the precious basket. The place was soon chosen; the priest said a few prayers that no one could understand; they gave him more rice and some money, and

sadly turned towards home. They left the baby girl hanging on a tree supposed to be inhabited by evil spirits, which stood just opposite the figures in front of the temple.

It was a great comfort to the baby's mother that her house was so near. Almost every moment that she could spare from her work she stood by the gate, in the hot sun, looking toward the temple. She did not dare go to her child except to carry her food. Ayenar would be angry if she did.,

Bhazu, however, did not know that she must not go to her little sister, so she stole quietly out of the house, without saying a word to any one, and took her stand where she could see everything that happened. All day long she watched while the baby lay in the basket sleeping part of the time, and tossing about, playing with her hands and feet. Once in a while she cried, and Bhazu longed to go to her, but she did not dare to touch her, and the baby was soon quiet again.

The second day passed much like the first, till late in the afternoon, when the child began to grow very restless; she turned over and kicked about, till Bhazu was in terror for fear she would fall out of the basket. And so she did. She threw herself over so far on one side, that over went the basket, and down came the baby on the soft ground underneath. Bhazu started to go to her, when just at that moment she saw a huge jackal swooping down towards the poor little thing. What should she do? She was afraid of the fierce-looking horses, and she was afraid of the jackal, but most of all she was afraid of the idol. He would be angry if she should drive away the jackal; she must not do it.

Bhazu hesitated a moment, and then her love for her little sister made her brave everything. She started to go to her, when—oh, how glad she was!—she saw a gentleman, a white gentleman with English clothes on, hurry to the spot, and drive away the jackal, and take the baby up from the ground. She ran to him and exclaimed breathlessly,

'That's my little sister!'

'Is it?' asked the stranger. 'Where do you live?'

'Just over there. Oh, please, sir, can we take her home?'

'Of course we will,' was the answer. He knew in a moment why the baby was there, and he determined to save its life.

'Oh, thank you!' said Bhazu. 'And must we take her back to the tree?'

'No you must not take her back,' he answered; and they hurried toward the house.

When they found the mother the gentleman put the baby into her arms, and told her that if she took it back to the tree, he should have her husband arrested by an English officer. So the little child's life was saved, and that was a happy household that night.

May the time soon come when all these heathen customs may be done away, and when all the people in India may worship the true God.—'Mission Dayspring.'

The Little Builders.

'Did you know we were builders?' said Jemmy Atkins to John Brown, as he watched them put brick upon brick on the wall of a building.

'No, we're not; we're only boys,' said John.

'But we are; we are building a house which is to last for ever and ever.'

'Nothing in the world lasts for ever,' said John.

'But mother told me,' said Jemmy, 'our souls would live for ever, and we were building houses to live in.'

'How is that?' said John, soberly.

'Well, she said that we built our character, day by day, brick by brick, just as that man is doing, and if we build well we will be glad for ever. Is it not nice to think that we are builders?'

Children, Jemmy told the truth, Every day we are building, brick by brick, a house for the soul to live in, and as you see that the bricks in a building lap over each other, so do all our actions, thoughts and feelings; so that all of them make a whole.

The first thing in a building is a good foundation. The good foundation is to hear Christ's words and to do them. That means to be a Christian. There can be no true, noble life unless it rests on trust in and obedience to Christ. He will teach you how to build. Second, we must use the materials — honesty, truth, courage, industry, perserverance, obedience to parents, gentleness, and kindness. The material that is to be rejected is pride, envy, indolence, and all the bad things. With the right materials we can build a grand house for the soul to live in.—'Adviser.'

The Sunday Lesson.

Now, Harry, my boy, put your playthings away;
Remember, my child, 'tis the Lord's holy day;
Instead of your toys, bring your book, and let's see
If we can't get beyond the mere A B C.
I've found you a lesson, which, if you take heed,
You will find very easy and simple to read:
It begins with a letter you very well know,
And can point to at once—'tis the single round O.
The next, though a word very simple to spell,
Has a meaning too deep e'en for angels to tell;
The letters that make it are only these three,
And the first of them all is this great letter G.
Now follows a word which has one letter more;
It is 'Thou,' with as many as four.
In 'a-r-t—art'—if you spell it, you'll see,
The number of letters, again, are but three;
That very small word which is only 'my,'
You can tell me at once with a glance of the eye.
Now, stop; for the Name above all names comes next,
And ends for the present our short, simple text.
I wonder if, now, the whole verse you would know,
Without stopping to spell out each word as you go.
'O God,' it begins, and then, 'Thou art my God.
Dear papa could say this in each path which he trod;
And I trust that my dear little Harry one day
Will be able himself the same sweet words to say.

—'Our Little Dots.'

About Getting Strong.

Every healthy boy and girl wants to be strong. If a child has no desire to excel in strength, then that child ought to be examined quickly by a medical man to see what is the matter. Even an infant child struggles to stand on its feet, and though it may often receive hard blows and bruises, again and again it tries to exercise its muscles.

Boys and girls, too, are anxious to outstrip each other in acts of endurance. The boys jump and climb, then run and wrestle, they swing on the trapeze or vault over the dummy horse; they want to show their strength in the cricket field, or on the football ground; they go many miles on the road on their bicycles, and all this that they may grow taller and stronger, so that they may endure more fatigue. The girls have many ways of showing their strength nowadays; they swim, they play lawn-tennis, they have musical drill, they go for long journeys on their bicycles, they have lost the foolish notion that it is a ladylike sign to be pale in face and soft in muscle.

There is even a danger now that we think too much of muscular strength, and too little of that strength of intellect and brain, which, after all, to make us perfect, must accompany physical growth.

A moment's serious thought will teach us that all these various ways of exercising the muscles can never give us real strength. It is a fact that the more we exercise the muscles the larger they grow, and yet at the same time, the more we exercise them the more they wear away. The repair and growth of the muscles depends upon our eating good food, at the same time that we exercise them moderately.

We are able to run, walk, and perform all the numerous motions of the body because we possess about four hundred of these marvellous little engines we call muscles. Could we examine carefuly one of these muscles we should find that it consists of a number of little bundles of fibres or threads enclosed in a covering or sheath, and that a number of these bundles are enclosed in another sheath. We are able to make most of these muscles move by the mere exercise of the will. Suppose, for instance, we will that the left hand shall go to the head; immediately the muscle in the top part of the left arm swells up, and the hand is raised to the spot we wish it to go.

Some muscles, like the heart, go on steadily doing their work without the will having any control over them.

Now when the forearm is raised by the action of the bicep muscle it is so moved because the muscle gets shorter and broader; this movement we call contraction. You can see this contraction going on constantly in the body of an earthworm; as it moves along one moment its body is long and narrow, then again it becomes short and thick.

You will not be surprised to hear that all the time the muscle is at work it is wearing away. Your slate pencil wears away as you write on your slate; the piece of chalk your teacher uses wears away as he writes on the blackboard; but the muscles are unlike the pencil and the chalk—they are renewed as long as we eat the proper kind of food to make up that which is worn away. The muscles, therefore, by proper food and proper work get good; they grow stronger and are able to do more work.

We want teetotal girls and boys to be strong; we want them to win races, and to show the world that the hardest exercises can be undertaken without the aid of intoxicating drinks. We are anxious also that when they are told that beer and other intoxicating drink will give them strength they must be prepared with a good, sound, and sensible reply.

You know that there are many people who still believe that beer does give strength. The brewers and the publicans are very anxious for the people to believe this. We often see advertised, nourishing stout, and many fine words are used as to the quality of the drink, and the great benefits which those who drink it will obtain. The brewers and the publicans, of course, want the people to believe this, because the more the drink is used the richer will the sellers of it become.

If, however, you consider this matter for yourselves you will learn that the teetotallers are on the right side, both for health and for happiness.

It is very easy to understand that if the muscles waste away, then the same material which passes out of the body must be placed into the body again, in order to make up for that which has wasted.

If a brick wall is knocked down we cannot rebuild it with paper; we must have brick or some other material of equal strength. In the same way the more I exercise my muscles the more necessary it is that I should eat suitable food to make up for the waste.

If you were asked, what is the only one food upon which a human being can live? you would answer at once milk, for milk contains all that is necessary to build up the human body. There is a proper quantity of water, a good supply of flesh-forming matter, a sufficient quantity of fat and sugar to give heat, and plenty of mineral matter to make bone.

Now beer is very different to milk. It contains no fat, it has only a very small quantity of mineral and flesh-forming matter, and besides it contains much of a poison called alcohol. So in drinking beer we place into the body a poison which is very injurious, and we do not get enough of those materials which are necessary to keep the body in health.

We ought to remember that all foods should be something like milk, but never like beer. Many beer drinkers do not understand that beer is really nearly all water. Thus, a barrel of beer containing one hundred and forty-four quarts is made up of one hundred and thirty quarts of water, the rest being sugar, gum and alcohol, with only one quart of real body-forming matter, the good qualities of which are destroyed by the alcohol.

To maintain and increase our strength we must eat those natural foods which the Creator sends. We shall find that in vegetables, meat, and fruits, we have the very substances we require, and no alcohol.

Boys and girls, don't be afraid to express your opinions whenever you are asked to take intoxicating drinks on the plea that they give strength. You may instantly reply, without any fear of your words being disproved, that these drinks cannot provide strength.

If you know anything about athletic sports you must have learned that when men are put into training for any particular test of strength, such as rowing, swimming, or bicycling, they are forbidden by the very best trainers to drink any intoxicating drinks. Some trainers not so experienced may indeed allow a little, but they strictly limit the quantity, while they insist on plain nourishing food being eaten in proper quantities. Alcohol is, in fact, only strong to take away strength, and never to supply it.

The cricket season is a glorious time for boys. Go into the field, my lads, and show your friends how well you can bowl, bat, and field without the assistance of any kind of intoxicating drink.—'Temperance Record.'

Father Mathew's Conversion to Teetotalism.'

For some time previous to the year 1838, William Martin, of Cork, now well known as 'the father of Father Mathew,' had repeatedly urged Mr. Mathew to give his influence to the temperance society which had been formed at Cork, and of which G. W. Carr, Esq., and others, were members. To these solicitations Mr. Mathew listened with his usual candor and politeness; but it was not till April of the year just mentioned that the time appeared to have arrived for the commencement of his glorious career. One Sunday evening, as Mr. Martin was seated with his family in the parlor in Patrick street, a messenger came from Mr. Mathew, requesting Mr. Martin's company. On the arrival of the latter, Father Mathew said:—'Mr. Martin, I have sent for you to help me in forming a society.' 'With all my heart,' said Mr. Martin; 'when shall we begin?' 'To-morrow,' he replied. The place and time of meeting were at once appointed, and the meeting was held accordingly. Father Mathew presided. After he had explained the object of the meeting, and various addresses had been delivered, he signed the pledge, and about sixty others followed his example. During the meeting an interesting incident occurred, illustrative of the catholic spirit which always distinguished the great Irish temperance reformer. Hearing some whispers at the table he observed to Mr. Martin, who sat next to him, 'What do you think they are saying? They say:—"Here is a Catholic priest sitting between a Presbyterian minister and a member of the Society of Friends."' 'Well,' said Mr. Martin, 'is it not pleasant that there is one place where we can meet without distinction of creed, and unite in the one object of doing good?' 'It is, indeed,' rejoined Father Mathew, 'and there is another place, too, where I hope we shall all unite in like manner.' Such was the origin of the Cork Total Abstinence Society, from which such wonderful results were afterwards produced.—Richard Cameron, in 'League Journal.'

The Pauper's Fortune.

A little while since a gentleman got into conversation with an old pauper, who sat on a bench in one of our parks.

'What was your trade?' asked the physician, for such he was.

'I was a carpenter,' said the man.

'And a very good trade it is. Well, how is it that you came to be a pauper? Were you accustomed to drink?'

'Not at all: I have only taken my three pints of ale a day. If nobody took any more than that there would be no drunkenness.'

'For how long?' asked the doctor.

'Well, I am eighty years of age, and that was my custom, I suppose, for sixty years.'

Presently the doctor handed the man a piece of paper. 'Look here,' he said; 'your sixpence a day for sixty years would have amounted, with compound interest, to £3,226. You might have been as well in health and been the possessor of £150 per year.'

How can the workingmen of this country spend £36,000,000 upon strong drink, with all the squalor and misery that it brings, and expect to find their condition improving?—Mark Guy Pearse.

LESSON VII.—FEB. 13.

The Call of Matthew.

Matt. ix., 9-17. Memory verses, 12, 13.

Daily Readings.

M. Matt. vi.,24-34.—Our Father's care.
T. Luke xii., 22-32.—Our Father knows our needs.
W. I. Pet. v., 1-14.—'Casting all your care upon him.'
Th. Matt. vii., 1-14.—'Every one that asketh receiveth.'
F. Matt vii., 15-29.—End of the Sermon on the Mount.'
Sat. Acts xvii., 22-34.—'We are the offspring of God.'
S. Ps. civ., 1-35.—The wonderful providence of our Father.

Golden Text.

'Follow me.'—Matt. ix., 9.

Lesson Story.

'Follow me'—Again the voice of Jesus is heard in loving command to a new disciple. And Matthew, the tax-gatherer, arises at once to follow his Master. As Jesus sat at meat many publicans and sinners, the lowest of the people, came and sat down with him to hear his gracious words. Then the Pharisees came and asked the disciples why Jesus associated with these sinners. Jesus heard them asking, and answered them himself—'They that be whole need not a physician, but they that be sick.' He had come as a physician to heal the sin-sick souls, the self-righteous Pharisees thought they had no need of a Saviour, and so they could not be saved.

The disciples of John the Baptist came to ask why Jesus and his disciples did not fast more, as John had taught his disciples to do, and as the Pharisees did. Jesus said unto them, 'Can the children of the bridechamber mourn, as long as the bridegroom is with them?' It would be time enough for his disciples to mourn when their Lord was taken from them. The figure of the new cloth tearing the old garment, and new wine breaking the old bottles, illustrates the need of an entirely new disposition. The new covenant was not given to patch up the old ceremonial law, that was worn out, the time for the New Testament had come.

Lesson Hymn.

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle,
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway,
If thou wilt be my guide.

O let me feel thee near me;
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But Jesus draw thou nearer,
And save my soul from sin.

O let me hear thee speaking,
In accents sweet and still;
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak, to re-assure me,
To hasten, or control;
O speak and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

O let me see thy foot-marks,
And in them plant my own;
My hope to follow duly,
Is in thy strength alone;
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end,
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

—Hymns A. and M.

Lesson Hints.

'Receipt of custom' — collecting taxes. This was a profession held in small repute, because of the dishonesty and corruption of most of the tax-gatherers.

'In the house' — probably at a feast in Matthews house. One could only eat with friends, as the breaking of the bread and eating salt together constituted a covenant of friendship.

'Pharisees'—those who considered themselves holy men and leaders of the people. They had very little sympathy with the common people, and did not understand that if the people were to be helped, it must be by the loving friendship such as Jesus gave them.

'Physician'—for both soul and body. No doctor can cure a sick man who thinks himself well and who will not obey directions and follow prescriptions. Neither will Christ heal a soul that does not feel the need of healing, or that will not obey and follow him.

'Mercy, not sacrifice'—(Hosea vi., 6: Mic. vi., 6-8: I. Sam. xv., 22: Matt. v., 24.)

'Sinners' — those who are satisfied with their own condition away from Christ cannot be saved. Those who feel themselves sinners and come to Christ for salvation shall in no wise be cast out.

'John'—he was at this time in prison and his disconsolate disciples did not understand why Christ was not mourning for him. But Jesus had come to make friends of the poor and sinful and he could most easily reach them in their own homes and social life. Notice the kind of conversations our Lord held when he was at a feast, or what we might call a party.

'Children of the bridechamber'—a term applied to the friends of the bridegroom, John had announced Christ as the 'bridegroom.' (John iii., 29.) and it was meet that he should rejoice with his friends as long as he was with them.

'New cloth into an old garment'—the gospel is a beautiful new garment in itself, it can not be patched on to the old covenant. (Heb. viii., 13, 8.). 'New wine' — a new spirit, the Holy Spirit can not work now trammelled by the old law. He must have liberty to work in our hearts according to the perfect law of love.

Primary Lesson.

Following Jesus—what does it mean? how shall we do it? Following Jesus means trying to do always what he would do if he were in our place.

'You are in his place, that is, people who are not Christians, look at you to see what Christ is like. If you are kind and loving and helpful, then they will know that Jesus makes you like himself. But if you are selfish and proud and cross they will say that they do not want to follow Jesus if it will not make them any better than you. It is like making an ugly picture on your slate and saying that is a picture of your mother. If any one who did not know your beautiful mother saw that picture they would not love her any more for seeing it, would they? You would have made a misrepresentation of her—that means a false picture.

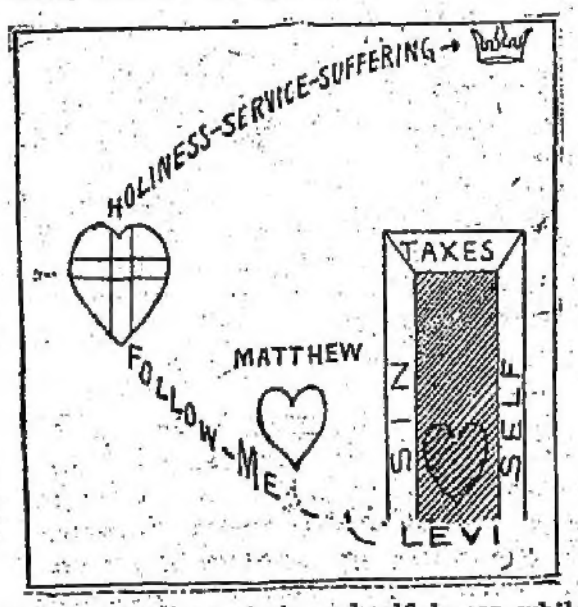
We can not make a true picture of Jesus unless we truly love him with all our hearts and try to do what he wants us to all the time. We can not do this of ourselves, but we can keep asking him to make us into his likeness, and he will.

I wish you would all learn the Lesson Hymn for to-day, it is a simple prayer to Jesus, our Master and our best Friend.

The Lesson Illustrated.

CALL OF MATTHEW.

Pictures Levi sitting in the receipt of customs, with his occupation over the door and



his surroundings of sin and selfishness, while the shadow over him typifies the darkness of sin. Levi means 'joined,' emphasize what he was joined to. Then the Christ symbol calling Levi to walk the path of holiness, service and suffering. As Levi obeys the call he receives a new clean heart, and a new name, Matthew, 'the gift of God.' No road to the crown but the road of the cross, and the path of Christ, which faithfully followed, always brings us to the 'crown of righteousness' laid up for us.

Suggested Hymns.

'He leadeth me,' 'Saved by grace,' 'More about Jesus,' 'Jesus calls us,' 'My brother, the Master is calling for thee,' 'Out on the mountains,' 'Jesus is tenderly calling you home.'

Practical Points.

FEB. 13—MATT. ix., 9-17.

A. H. CAMERON.

Wanted—men of business habits, to work in the Lord's vineyard. Verse 9. No wonder the sinners found out the Saviour when his special mission was to seek and save them. Verse 10. They certainly misunderstand the mission of Jesus who think he came to upholster self-righteousness. Verses 11-13. There is a time to fast and a time to feast. Verses 14, 15 also I. Cor. xiv., 40. The Christian may have the shrewdness of the worldling, and yet have his heart set upon heavenly things. Verses 16 and 17, also Matt. x., 16.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Feb. 6.—The Christian's confidence.—II. Sam. xxii., 1-4, 29-37: I. Pet. i., 3-9.

Making Bad Boys Good.

(By the Rev. D. Sutherland.)

Some years ago a clergyman visiting a ragged school in London, asked a class of bright, mischievous urchins, all of whom had been gathered from the streets, 'How many bad boys does it take to make a good one?' A little fellow immediately replied: 'One, sir, if you treat him well.'

That boy revealed the secret of how to make bad boys good. Like most secrets, it is very simple once you know it. To treat a boy well is to trust in the better side of his nature. Even the worst boy has some elements of goodness in him. Suspicion hinders their expression, but trust helps them to blossom into flower and fragrance. A great teacher of our century lays down as the law in man-making the axiom: 'Trust a man and you make him trust-worthy.' He but put into other words the thought of the little boy in the ragged school. Experience proves over and over again that trust is the atmosphere in which the best qualities flourish of those who are tempted to evil.

A writer remembers an experiment that was tried some years ago in a city where many boys and young men used to congregate at the corners of certain streets. A hall was engaged in that neighborhood, furnished comfortably, and fitted up with tables on which were placed newspapers and illustrated magazines, and with a long table running the entire length of the room at which innocent games could be played. The loafers were lovingly invited into the hall, and made to feel at home in it. The superintendent laid down the rule that the young fellows themselves were to keep order, and prevent all rough and unruly conduct. He trusted them, and they responded nobly to his faith in them. At first, they could scarcely understand it, and suspected that something lay back of it; but, after a few evenings, their latent manhood came to the surface. An intoxicated young man reeled in one night, and urged the boys to have a good time, but they lifted him in their arms, and carried him out to the corner. Inside of a month the institution was as quiet and orderly as any in the city. The young fellows strove hard to become worthy of the confidence placed in them. Their rude voices took on a gentler tone, and coarse words that once tripped lightly from their lips were checked. They washed their faces, tidied their persons, and gradually grew to look quite decent. Not a few of them gave up loafing and found steady employment. A moral revolution was accomplished in that part of the city. Bad boys were made good by trusting them. What was done in one city, can be done in any other city where workers have faith and wisdom enough to trust boys and young men so as to make them trustworthy.—'Sunday-school Times.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The Broken Lamp;

OR THE SPIRIT'S VICTORY OVER TEMPER.

(By Mrs. T. C. Rounds.)

While attending the female seminary at Steubenville, Ohio, at the age of sixteen, I was suddenly told of the death of my dearly beloved father. The shock was so great that I fell to the floor, prostrated by the blow, striking my head on my trunk. This resulted in nervous prostration, and became the opportunity for Satan to 'sift me as wheat.' With naturally a sensitive disposition, he made good use of the circumstances and the natural heart to fasten upon me a very ungovernable temper. A match never took fire quicker than this phosphorescent 'bundle of nerves.' Time would fail to tell of the soul efforts, the soul agonies, the cries, the tears, the prayers that went up for deliverance, but all to no purpose. Many were the times the writer would come downstairs from her knees, crying to God to be kept for the day, only to fall to pieces over a burned biscuit or potato, or any other trifling thing. Do what I would there was always 'a law in my members warring against the law of my mind bringing me into captivity to the law of sin.'

Upon an occasion that caused unusual disturbance, in a state of helpless hopelessness, crying to the Lord for deliverance, four points were clearly given me by the Spirit as a guide to the coveted blessing:

First. 'Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin.' (Rom. vi., 11.)

Second. 'Reckon yourselves alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' (Rom. vi., 11.)

Third. 'Yield yourselves unto God as those who are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God.' (Rom. vi., 13.)

Fourth. 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.' (Phil. ii., 12, 13.)

With a heart full of gladness and thanksgiving I felt these four points were four keys, which if used by the Spirit would bring the deliverance sought.

First Key. I was to reckon myself dead to temper.

Second Key. I was to reckon myself alive unto God to the sweetness of love.

Third Key. I was to yield myself unto God.

Fourth Key. I was to let God work the temper out and the love in.

But as always when truth is received it must be inwrought into our being to be of any practical use, so a test came that worked the truth from the head to the heart.

A few days after, I was awakened by a heavy crash in the hall. Half asleep, I groped my way to the head of the stairs. Looking down I saw my dear husband, in attempting to take the lamp from its place in the hall, had let it slip from his hand, and to my horror I saw kerosene oil streaming down the stairs and over the hall carpet, with broken glass everywhere, and my husband frantically trying to repair the damage, all unmindful of my presence. In an instant I was thoroughly aroused, inside and outside, and notwithstanding all my 'reckonings,' etc., I was 'mad,' The old-time habit of 'giving a piece of my mind,' on such occasions promptly presented itself for utterance.

I felt I must say, 'Now, George, how could you be so careless,' (with proper emphasis on 'could'.)

But a voice whispered, 'Yes, but that would not be Christlike.'

'I know,' I responded, 'but I think I ought to say something that would make him more careful in future.'

'Yes, but that would not be Christlike,' repeated my faithful monitor.

'True, but I want to say something.'

'Yes, but that would not be Christlike,' again uttered the gentle voice.

'Sure, but I must say something, or he will break all the lamps in the house and ruin everything.'

'Yes, but that would not be Christlike. Have you forgotten the four keys I gave you.' I went back into my room. In a moment, like Christian, I remembered, and I began to 'reckon myself dead,' to these thoughts that came rolling like sea billows over my soul, and seemed determined to force out the unkind word, and I 'reckoned myself alive' to the love that would say the kind thing. But still no relief. It was 'all of self and none of thee.' Then I said, 'I yield myself unto thee, O Heavenly Father. Thou must work the wrong thoughts out and the right thoughts in, for I cannot.' Instantly, like a flash of lightning, it was done. Every desire to say an unkind thing was taken away, and my heart was brimful of tenderness and love. I went to the top of the stairs and called down in the sweetest of tones, for they came out of his heart:

'Hello, George, what is the matter down there?'

'I was trying to take the lamp down and it slipped from my hand. Oh, it's too bad!'

'Yes, it is quite a muss,' I said, 'but never mind, we'll fix it up after breakfast.'

A more relieved man never breathed. He looked up to see whether it could possibly be his wife, and the look spoke volumes of gratitude.

The 'reckonings,' and 'yielding,' had given the Holy Spirit a chance to get the victory. From that moment the power of sin was broken, and these four keys have been the means of entering and closing many a door that before had been an open entrance to the enemy.

Well, after all, the 'cleaning up' was not so formidable as it seemed, because the Spirit kept working while we kept 'reckoning,' and 'yielding,' and the result was one of the happiest of days, because the Lord Jesus had had the 'right of way,' and he always leads in ways of pleasantness and peace.

It has been a most blessed experience ever since to apply these principles to everything in Christian life where there is conflict, and thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through Christ Jesus our Lord.—'Kingdom Tidings.'

Selected Recipes.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Add one cup of molasses and five table-spoonfuls of cornmeal, to one quart of fresh scalded milk. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg into a pudding-dish, then pour in the mixture. If whey is liked, add a cup of cold milk to the pudding as soon as it begins to cook. Bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot.

Delicious Poached Egg.—Put a generous cupful of cream and milk, use at least half thin cream — into a spider. While cold break in six unbeaten eggs. Set over a fire and move a spoon carefully through the mixture. The whites and yolks should be broken in pieces, but not rendered smooth. Do not cook long enough to whey—only let it simmer. Add a piece of butter the size of an egg, and salt to taste. Serve in separate dishes with potatoes and meat.

Easy Charlotte Russe.—Take a strip of drawing paper, two or three inches wide and lap the ends, so as to make a circle of the size desired for your mold, suiting the dish upon which you wish to serve it. Inside the paper circle so placed, arrange a picket fence of split lady's fingers, as close together as possible, with the rounded side outward and each fastened by a pin stuck through the paper. Whip a pint of sweet cream and make a pint of rich custard with two eggs, a pint of milk in which half an ounce of gelatine is dissolved, and two table-spoonfuls of sugar. When both are cold mix them lightly together, and flavor delicately, then fill the cake and set on the ice. Remove the paper and decorate the top with candied fruits or in any way that suits the fancy. A Charlotte Russe is easily varied in many ways. Chocolate may be used in the custard or a bright jelly whipped in with the cream. A caramel flavoring will give a rich yellowish tint, and chopped almonds may be used with it.

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